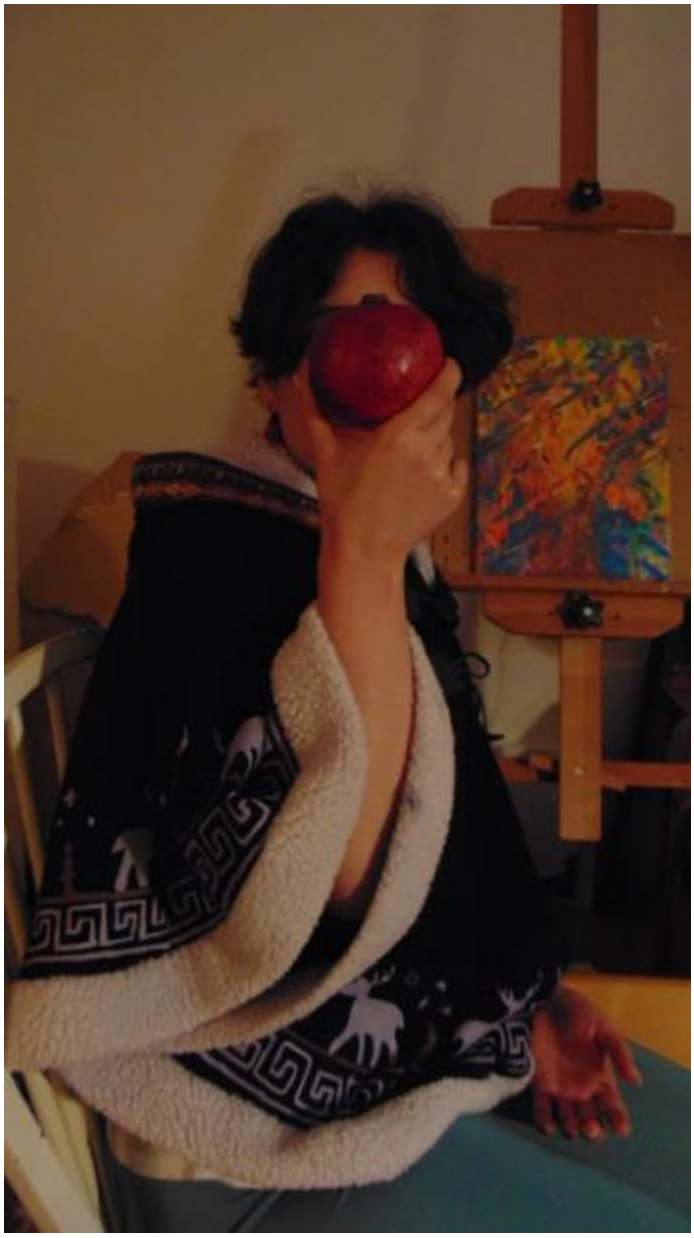
Poetic Voice Magazine



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Poetic Voice Magazine: Volume Seventeen

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Cover picture: An artist's tribute to Rene Magritte, by Patrick

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Featured Poem: A Very Short Song by Dorothy Parker

Once, when I was young and true.
Someone left me sad—
Broke my brittle heart in two;
And that is very bad.

Love is for unlucky folk.
Love is but a curse.
Once there was a heart I broke;
And that, I think, is worse.

Poetic Voice Magazine Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this Seventeenth volume of ***Poetic Voice Magazine*** which serves to feature the work of aspiring poets.

Special thanks to Aki and William for their submissions. ***Poetic Voice Magazine*** has decided to add an occasional tongue twister to the poetic mix.

Poetic Voice Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your poetry to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Poetic Commentary

Commentary: Sing Ho for the Herring by Grace Blackburn

Along the sea shore, surf-beaten and brown.
The Fisher-Lass hastes to the Fishing-Town,
In kirtle of blue and bodice of red,
The sun at its nooning over her head,
And braw is the salt wind blowing —
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The shimmering, sliddery Herring!

Along the sea shore the Fisher-Lads sigh
For the daffing mouth and the daunting eye,
And they sue and they woo, Rubin, Lubin and Bill,
But she taunts and she flaunts as a Fisher-Lass will;
And sleek is the water flowing —
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The gleeking, glamourish Herring!

Along the sea shore she shadeth her eyes
To where on the wave his white sails rise,
For it seems there's a wraith in the midst of the glare,
And a voice that she loves calls shrilly and rare;
Ah, sly is the under-towing —
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The spectral, the silver-hued Herring.

Along the sea shore in the teeth of the gale.
In its rage and its roar, its swash and its swale,
With faltering steps and staggering tread
They bear him up softly the stark, stark. Dead;
Oh, lang and dour is the knowing —
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The life-giving, death-dealing Herring!

This poem can be found in a patriotic collection of poems by Canadian poets first published during the middle of the First World War in 1916. I have read most of the poems in this anthology, having snagged a second hand copy of the collection when my community library culled the book from its collection.

Their lost was my gain! When I found a pdf copy of the anthology I gave the old book to a collector friend of mine who now has it on her shelf. This poem by Grace Blackburn is a 'slow burn' of sorts. It did not make an impression on me the first or second time I read it …but the third time I enjoyed it suddenly *Sing ho for the Herring* acquired a charm that makes it unique.

It is not just a poem. It is a drinking song. Every time you end a stanza, you take a swig of your beer … and toast the courage of the fishermen who set out into the unforgiving salt water seas and oceans to catch the priceless herring!

If you don't think herring is priceless … try it with mayonnaise on rye bread!

Commentary: Music Mystery and Magic, by A. P. Wavell

Poets writing lyrics choose words for their beauty and set them to dance to a tune. So on a lower scale does the theatrical manager select his chorus. The aim of the lyrical poet, as of the stage manager, is to create glamour and illusion that will take our minds from the common circumstances of everyday life and fix them on the world as it ought to be, had men not gods designed it. The poet may protest against this comparison that it is a commercial instinct, at the highest, that guides the theatrical manager in his choice; while the poet is moved only by his vision of beauty and regards not the public taste. Yet the greatest of all poets wrote with his eye very much on the public; and no poet really despises success and a long run for his work – indeed some claim the longest possible run, immortal fame: and a few may have achieved it.

Music, mystery and magic are the essence of the highest poetry. And surely it should also have meaning. The poems in this section are those that have stayed in my head for those qualities. The first one, The Hound of Heaven, has had a special place in my life, as a charm in danger or trouble. Many years ago a friend gave me a copy of Francis Thompson's lyric at St. Andrews, where I was playing golf. I had it by heart in a very few readings and from that day I have used the magic of its imagery in my times of stress, to distract my mind from peril or disaster. I have repeated the words of this greatest of all lyrics under fire, on a rough Channel crossing, in pain of body or mind.

Religion depends on mystery or magic and uses music to attract the faithful. So poems dealing with religion are included in this section.

There are few modern poems here - by modern I mean the betwixt-wars poets, 1919-39, years that are better forgotten in the history of our people, when the spirit grew tired and disillusioned and the body slack and soft. To my poor ear and old-fashioned understanding most modern poetry lacks dignity and has neither beauty nor tune; magic is replaced by unintelligibility; and the only mystery to me is that anyone reads much of it. It is as though a theatrical manager chose an ungainly chorus who could neither dance nor sing nor act, but could only posture and grimace to capture attention. Worse still, modern poetry seems to me to lack the essential quality of courage, of a gallant outlook on the pains and pleasures of this world through which we have to pass; where we - the rank and file - want leadership and encouragement from those gifted with power over words, not defeatism and depression. *A poet is a man to whom vision is given beyond his fellows.* Of what use is that vision if he expresses it in words unintelligible to all but a small circle, and doubtfully to them? The world soon begins to suspect that he has no vision, and is therefore no poet. And without vision, as the prophet said, the people m perish. We might well have perished this war without Mr. Churchill.

Much of the work of T. S. Eliot has obvious dignity and beauty, and is a pleasure to read as long as one makes no effort to solve his *cryptograms*; but some of it seems deliberately ugly as well as cryptic I look on him as one who has sinned against the light of poetry by wrapping his great talent in the napkin of obscurity. He has himself said, I believe, that ‘If the poetical work of the last twenty years is worthy of being classified at all it is as it is belonging to a period of search for a proper modern colloquial idiom. If he is right, it

certainly seems as if some of the betwixt- wars poets; had left no rubbish-heap unturned, no gutter unexplored in their search. My son finds their works interesting, and I bow to his younger fresher appraisement. But I go back and warm my aging memory at the embers of the older, braver poets who I know.

I do not know what is being written now. At Dunkirk the true spirit of our people flashed out like a sword from its sheath; with it I hope flashed out a fresh inspiration of poetry.

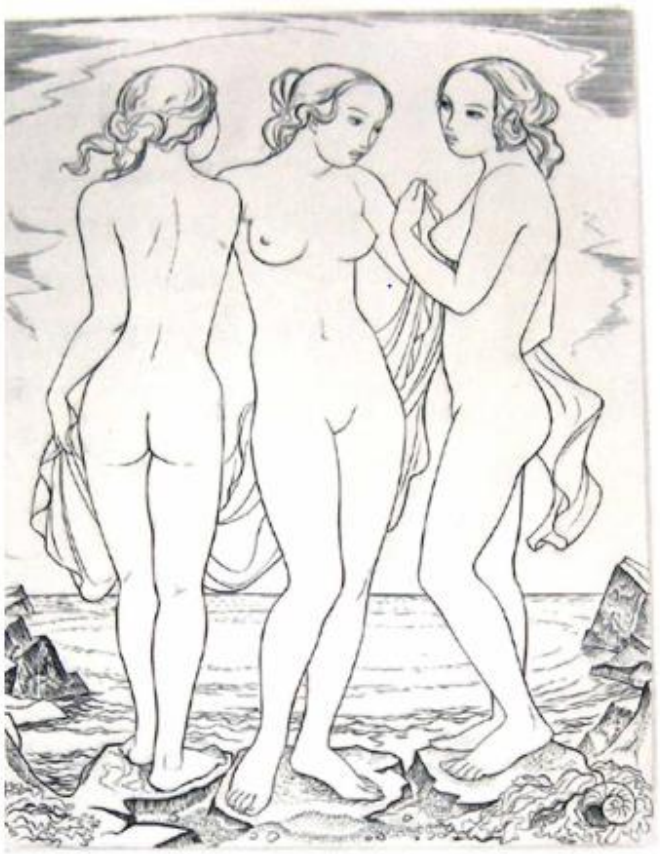
A.P. Wavell

{Excerpt from General Wavell's anthology of poetry titled *Other Men's Flowers*, 1944}

Pictorial: The Last Lady Godiva Ride at UBC in 1980

I wonder what she is thinking? Today she would be 65!

A fine collection of Art Books



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New Poems

As a Girl … I Want so Much More by Aki Kurosawa

I love it when
he takes my breasts
in his hands, then
I see he is no beast …

He is so gentle
with me, admiring
my bounty, a gentleman
without doubt …

But he does not
know much of that
other place of me, what
am I to do, I want him …

to caress me … there …
to kiss me … there …
to do what boys are
suppose to do … there …

But he is so shy …
perhaps he fears that I will take
him and not give him
back his treasured self

so I tease him
and let him grow
and grow and grow
to three times his sleeping self

then when he is sure
I cannot steal all of
him away, we both
snatch our pleasures.

He is so long and I so
small that he
can’t miss his mark …
I feel him tickle

The entrance of my womb,
my cradle, myself …
and I shudder ever so
strongly, like an earthquake

a tsunami, an eruption
that we get so often here …
and when it passes
I feel loved

even if he turns over,

falls asleep and snores.

You boys have it easy!

As a girl … I want so much more!

Over and Over Again by William Webster

Our world is now
a nightmare …
misfortune *Trumps* us,
the only way we can make it
through our days
is if at night we are not sober.

Over and Over Again!

Around the world
wars rage here and there,
at home the times
are so bad our wages
can't meet our needs.

Over and Over Again!

Even the hot summer sun
mocks us …
and now we are done
So we hunker down
and let our mighty oak
bring happiness in its stroke

Over and Over Again!

I have a new girl …
she comes as often as she likes.
The first time she came,
it was a great pain,
but now she wants to do it …

Over and Over Again!

Thank God for William Shakespeare by Patrick Bruskiewich

Whenever I feel lonely,
    whenever I feel sad,
whenever I feel wanting,
    whenever I feel mad …

There is a Sonnet
    or two I can read
to set my mind
    and soul to rest.

They have survived
    the tests of time.

There is no perfection in life,
    except that which we can find or create,
whether it is in art, or science,
    poetry or prose.

Thank God for William Shakespeare!

A Tongue Twister in the letter S

Miss

Sally

Stimson

Savours

Small

Salty

Sardinian

Sardines.

Try to say this tongue twister twelve times as quickly as you can!

Pictorial: She is now … over a Hundred Years Old!

She was twenty when this was taken in 1926!

20th Century Poems

Six Poems by Dorothy Parker

Threnody

Lilacs blossom just as sweet
Now my heart is shattered.
If I bowled it down the street,
Who's to say it mattered?
If there's one that rode away
What would I be missing?
Lips that taste of tears, they say.
Are the best for kissing.

Eyes that watch the morning star
Seem a little brighter;
Arms held out to darkness are
Usually whiter.
Shall I bar the strolling guest.
Bind my brow with willow,
When, they say, the empty breast
Is the softer pillow?

That a heart falls tinkling down.
Never think it ceases.
Every likely lad in town
Gathers up the pieces.

If there’s one gone whistling by
Would I let it grieve me?
Let him wonder if I lie;
Let him half believe me.
No more my little song comes back;
And now of nights I lay

My head on down, to watch the black
And wait the unfailing gray.
Oh, sad are winter nights, and slow;
And sad's a song that's dumb;
And sad it is to lie and know
Another dawn will come.

The False Friends

They laid their hands upon my head.
They stroked my cheek and brow;
And time could heal a hurt, they said.
And time could dim a vow.

And they were pitiful and mild
Who whispered to me then,
“The heart that breaks in April, child,
Will mend in May again.”

Oh, many a mended heart they knew.
So old they were, and wise.
And little did they have to do
To come to me with lies!

Who flings me silly talk of May
Shall meet a hitter soul;
For June was nearly spent away
Before my heart was whole.

The Trifler

Death's the lover that I'd he taking;
Wild and fickle and fierce is he.
Small's his care if my heart be breaking—
Gay young Death would have none of me.

Hear them clack of my haste to greet himi
No one other my mouth had kissed.
I had dressed me in silk to meet him—
False young Death would not hold the tryst.

Slow's the blood that was quick and stormy.
Smooth and cold is the bridal bed;
I must wait till he whistles for me—
Proud young Death would not turn his head.

I must wait till my breast is wilted,
I must wait till my back is bowed,
I must rock in the comer, jilted—
Death went galloping down the road.

Gone's my heart with a trifling rover.
Fine he was in the game he played—
Kissed, and promised, and threw me over.
And rode away with a prettier maid.

A Well Worn Story

In April, in April,
My one love came along.
And I ran the slope of my high hill
To follow a thread of song.

His eyes were hard as porphyry
With looking on cruel lands;
His voice went slipping over me
Like terrible silver hands.

Together we trod the secret lane
And walked the muttering town.
I wore my heart like a wet, red stain

On the breast of a velvet gown.

In April, in April,
My love went whistling by,
And I stumbled here to my high hill
Along the way of a lie.

Now what should I do in this place
But sit and count the chimes.
And splash cold water on my face
And spoil a page with rhymes?

Convalescent

How shall I wail, that wasn't meant for weeping?
Love has run and left me, oh, what then?
Dream, then, I must, who never can be sleeping;
What if I should meet Love, once again?

What if I met him, walking on the highway?
Let him see how lightly I should care.
He'd travel his way, I would follow my way;
Hum a little song, and pass him there.

What if at night, beneath a sky of ashes.
He should seek my doorstep, pale with need?

There could he lie, and dry would be my lashes;
Let him stop his noise, and let me read.

Oh, but I'm gay, that's better off without him;
Would he'd come and see me, laughing here.
Lord! Don't I know I'd have my arms about him.
Crying to him, "Oh, come in, my dear!"

Epitaph

The first time I died, I walked my ways;
I followed the file of limping days.

I held me tall, with my head flung up.
But I dared not look on the new moon's cup.

I dared not look on the sweet young rain.
And between my ribs was a gleaming pain.

The next time I died, they laid me deep.
They spoke worn words to hallow my sleep.

They tossed me petals, they wreathed me fern.
They weighted me down with a marble urn.

And I lie here warm, and I lie here dry.

And watch the worms slip by, slip by.

Six Poems by Sylvia Plath

The Eye-Mote

Blameless as daylight I stood looking
At a field of horses, necks bent, manes blown,
Tails streaming against the green
Backdrop of sycamores. Sun was striking
White chapel pinnacles over the roofs,
Holding the horses, the clouds, the leaves

Steadily rooted though they were all flowing
Away to the left like reeds in a sea
When the splinter flew in and stuck my eye,
Needling it dark. Then I was seeing
A melding of shapes in a hot rain:
Horses warped on the altering green,

Outlandish as double-humped camels or unicorns,
Grazing at the margins of a bad monochrome,
Beasts of oasis, a better time.
Abrading my lid, the small grain burns:
Red cinder around which I myself,
Horses, planets and spires revolve.

Neither tears nor the easing flush

Of eyebaths can unseat the speck:
It sticks, and it has stuck a week.
I wear the present itch for flesh,
Blind to what will be and what was.
I dream that I am Oedipus.

What I want back is what I was
Before the bed, before the knife,
Before the brooch-pin and the salve
Fixed me in this parenthesis;
Horses fluent in the wind,
A place, a time gone out of mind.

Faun

Haunched like a faun, he hooed
From grove of moon-glint and fen-frost
Until all owls in the twigged forest
Flapped black to look and brood
On the call this man made.

No sound but a drunken coot
Lurching home along river bank.
Stars hung water-sunk, so a rank
Of double star-eyes lit
Boughs where those owls sat.

An arena of yellow eyes
Watched the changing shape he cut,
Saw hoof harden from foot, saw sprout
Goat-horns. Marked how god rose
And galloped woodward in that guise.

Departure

The figs on the fig tree in the yard are green;
Green, also, the grapes on the green vine
Shading the brickred porch tiles.
The money's run out.

How nature, sensing this, compounds her bitters.
Ungifted, ungrieved, our leavetaking.
The sun shines on unripe corn.
Cats play in the stalks.

Retrospect shall not soften such penury—
Sun's brass, the moon's steely patinas,
The leaden slag of the world—
But always expose

The scraggy rock spit shielding the town's blue bay
Against which the brunt of outer sea

Beats, is brutal endlessly.
Gull-fouled, a stone hut

Bares its low lintel to corroding weathers:
Across that jut of ochreous rock
Goats shamble, morose, rank-haired,
To lick the sea-salt.

Aftermath

Compelled by calamity's magnet
They loiter and stare as if the house
Burnt-out were theirs, or as if they thought
Some scandal might any minute ooze
From a smoke-choked closet into light;
No deaths, no prodigious injuries
Glut these hunters after an old meat,
Blood-spoor of the austere tragedies.

Mother Medea in a green smock
Moves humbly as any housewife through
Her ruined apartments, taking stock
Of charred shoes, the sodden upholstery:
Cheated of the pyre and the rack,
The crowd sucks her last tear and turns away.

Metaphors

I'm a riddle in nine syllables,
An elephant, a ponderous house,
A melon strolling on two tendrils.
O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers!
This loaf's big with its yeasty rising.
Money's new-minted in this fat purse.
I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.
I've eaten a bag of green apples,
Boarded the train there's no getting off.

Two Sisters of Persephone

Two girls there are: within the house
One sits; the other, without.
Daylong a duet of shade and light
Plays between these.

In her dark wainscotted room
The first works problems on
A mathematical machine.
Dry ticks mark time

As she calculates each sum.
At this barren enterprise

Rat-shrewd go her squint eyes,
Root-pale her meagre frame.

Bronzed as earth, the second lies,
Hearing ticks blown gold
Like pollen on bright air. Lulled
Near a bed of poppies,

She sees how their red silk flare
Of petalled blood
Burns open to sun's blade.
On that green altar

Freely become sun's bride, the latter
Grows quick with seed.
Grass-couched in her labour's pride,
She bears a king. Turned bitter

And sallow as any lemon,
The other, wry virgin to the last,
Goes graveward with flesh laid waste,
Worm-husbanded, yet no woman.

Pictorial: Two Courageous Figurative Models from 1926

Said Eve to Adam (From the New Eve Magazine, May, 1926)

Said Adam to Eve

Said Adam to Eve,
as they quarreled one night:
'I'll get a divorce
just to prove I am right."
Fair Eve then said :
"Oh, I don't care if you do,
But, remember,
there's no other girl
you may woo!"

How Fortunate!

How fortunate
for the rest of us
that Adam
had a spare rib!

Eve and the Serpent

The first Eve
encountered a snake
in the garden—

modern Eves
entertain them
in drawing rooms.

Dear, you are the very first!

Not even Adam
could have said
to his Eve:
"Dear, you are
the very first."
For before Eve
there was Lileth.

Adam, will you close your eyes

Eve, from the shelter of a tree said —
Adam, will you close your eyes
while I come in?
Adam—What for?
Eve— Oh, I wore my
new green fig-leaf dress
in the hot sun today,
and the goods shrunk

Surrealist and Dada Poetry

A Disgrace and Curse Upon Them All by Sally Dally.

He grows in that secret …
that cheers conceited youth,
        rush'in off to war,
        putt'in on a show
Yo'can stand fast
And fight back
        he does lease …
        hot often …
sometime fair …
most times not,
        nature's compexion,
        painted in blood …
chance eternal,
to win or lose …
wand'rest time,
        so long as this gives
        him purpose,
a child's toy is sometimes
all that's left behind
        … a disgrace and curse
        upon them all.

The Clod and the Pebble by William Blake

‘Love seeketh not Itself to please,
Nor for Itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.’

So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle’s feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

‘Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to Its delight,
Joys in another’s loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven’s despite.’

Pictorial: Three Figurative Models from 1926

Pictorials taken of prospective actresses in the hills above Hollywood.

Canadian Poems

Four Poems by Grace Blackburn

The Evening Star

Above the sunset's many-tinted bar.
Where light on light, a smiling iris guar.
Mellows to mystery of near and far,
Swings passionately pale the Evening Star!
Queen of the twilight—from a conquered sky
She smiles to see the Day grow faint and die.

The Cypress -Tree

Out of the clod of earth
That holds me to this melancholy place,
As ancient servitors
Held flambeaux for their lords
In draughty corridors,
I leap into the sky.
I am a torch with an inherent blaze,
No winter bears me or my verdure down:
The whirling snow and ice
Fall on me to their peril, not to mine:
The swift and sudden wind
Deflects but can not quench
My everlasting fire,

My fire that mounts out of the cerecloth of the dead
And draws its essence from mortality,
Transmuting dissolution and despair
Into aspiring form —
A shape that is a symbol —
A pose prophetic!
I am the Cypress-Tree men plant on graves.
And on their graves—I flame!

The Chant of the Woman

Clash the cymbals!
String the harp and sound it —
Cymbals and harp, there, you Makers of Music!
I will chant to my Comrade the chant of my being,
Woman to Man will I chant it.

I am as old as any. I too have a lineage.
I have come up by forms and through aeons;
Forms of manifold fashion, aeons of infinite dream.

I, too, am projected of Poets, offspring of the Singers:
I have lain in the womb of the World and incarnate its wonder —
I have played with the Child of the ages and captured its glee —
I have been kissed with the kisses of Kings —
Great Lovers have whispered their lore for my learning.

Then and now and always, wide away and the length of a span,
I gather that I must gather, by impulse, election:
In me only is attraction,
It alone could attract me,
So am I myself, and none other,
Myself—a mystery! a mouthpiece!

Myself and yet yourself, we two inexplicably one —
Flesh in its consummation. Soul in its incompleteness —
And because of the incompleteness of Soul,
Woman to man,
I chant you the chant of my being.

I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from a Table:
I must be lifted,
Lifted level with my love and with my Lover.
I must be clothed with the purple, made free of the signet —
I must put my hand in his dish, my head on his bosom —
Eye to eye must we lean, loquacious together.

So, and so only
Can I give him to drink of the wine of my winning.
My strange new wine that seethes and bubbles.
So and so only
Can I kiss on his lips the message of Kings —

Whisper the wonder of Life,
The laugh of the Child—
The lore of the Lovers.

Level ! Level ! Level!
Level with your lips and your eyes my Comrade,
Swing to the height of your heart.
Caught in your soul and kept there
Pervading and peerless!

So, and so only, your Lover, your Servant:
Every passionate pulse-beat
Under the blue veins in my white wrist
Your Servant and Lover—
I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from a Table!

If Winter Come

Disdainful Earth!
Hooded in clouds and snowdrifts —
Great gray Earth,
That shivers and gathers her garments!
Just for a space you lower your eyelids,
Just for a moment you turn me the cold of your shoulder.
There! There! Already!—
Now I have caught you—

A turquoise rift in the rack,
That was relenting!
And back of the pine-trees a flash like a smile,
That, O earth, was your promise!
Below the depth of the frost
Is the warmth of your bosom.
The ice in your veins
Is troth to the rain and the runnel.
The catch in the call of the wind
Is your lip at my ear —
Your whisper of breezes.
Of breezes and blossom
Of summer—of sweetness—of love!

Pictorial: An Odalisque from Hollywood from 1926

She is obviously a fan of Mary Pickford.

Prospective actresses in Hollywood in the 1920's had to first have a pictorial done before they were 'invited in for a casting.' The pictorials in this edition of **Poetic Voice** comes from a 1926 *Arts and Vanities* magazine. The women had to pay for the pictorials out of their own pockets. What an industry!

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Historical Poetry

The Hound of Heaven by Francis Thompson

I fled him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
of my own mind; and in the mist of tears

I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat - and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet -
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).

But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern clatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden - to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover -
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:-
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Game on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat -
‘Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.’

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children’s eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned to me them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair. Come then, ye other children,
Nature’s - share
With me’ (said I) ‘your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother’s vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice

Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.’
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one -
Drew the bolt of Nature’s secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;

I knew how the clouds arise
Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;
All that’s born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day’s dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning’s eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven’s grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,

These things and I; in sound I speak -
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noised Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet -
'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the moulded years -

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must -
Designer infinite! -
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it? My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then

Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
'And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught?' (He said),
'And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited -
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,

Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!'

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

Sweet Content by Thomas Dekker

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
P sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny - hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring? O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears? O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears, No burden bears, but is a king, a king! O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny - hey nonny nonny!

To Helen by Edgar Allan Poe

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o’er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

Pictorial: The Ends … little me and my two older sisters.

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